By the Shuttle Train

By NIXOLA GREELEY-SMITH

Varied and multiple as the summer sands are the means which the fates presiding over love affairs employ to bring the one man and the one woman together.

It was the shuttle train that has its terminus at the Fifty-eighth street elevated station, where Sixth avenue ends its devious journey past wholesale warehouses and small shops and department stores, with a brief dip into the gayeties of theaters and dance halls in the frivolous Thirties, and Central park begins its spreading progress through the city's heart, that brought about the determining moment in the lives of Madge Rowan and John Cleverley.

The interference of this particular agent was the more remarkable because the lives of the two persons most concerned with it had till a few months before been lived more than 2,000 miles away.

It was in February that the pretty daughter of the most prosperous physician in a thriving Colorado town had bidden a tearful farewell to the fond father and mother who had at last acquiesced in her desire to go east to develop her artistic talent.

The talent found its chief expression in fluffy impossibilities masquerading as Easter chickens and other seasonable novelties, with which she decorated menu cards, to the infinite admiration of her many friends.

Her art, therefore, had brought her to New York. And it was art, likewise hers, that had brought John Cleverley. For, though the two had been boy and girl sweethearts together, the sudden development of Miss Rowan's artistic genius had apparently absorbed all her sentimental impulses, and before leaving Colorado she had told Cleverley that she could never marry him.

She had not been a month in town before the young man made his appearance at her Fifty-eighth street studio with a more or less plausible story of having been sent east by his firm to look up an important case.

Art had languished during that first month, when visits to unsympathetic dealers had convinced Miss Rowan of the dearth of the demand for dinner cards, and the cordiality of the auburn haired, paint bespattered vision that greeted Cleverley when he climbed the five flights to her studio augured well for his hope of taking her back with him to Colorado. But the day after his arrival she had actually succeeded in selling a dozen menu cards, and again Cupid drooped his diminished head under Art's overshadowing wing.

So furiously did Miss Rowan apply herself to her profession under the impetus that it was only after much persuasion that she consented to spend an afternoon at the beach the Saturday after Cleverley's arrival.

"You know, Jack," she had said, "you haven't the responsibilities that I have. It is natural for you to want to go about and see things, but I've just started a new pond lily menu series, and I must have it finished tomorrow night. And the studio must be cleaned tomorrow afternoon anyway."

But as Cleverley looked unconvinced and rueful she added contritely: "Well, I'll go this once. But don't you come here, for everything will be in such a mess. I'll meet you at the Fifty-eighth street elevated station at 3 o'clock."

And to this arrangement, after some argument, Cleverley was forced to acquiesce.

On Saturday the fact that she knew she would have to refuse Jack Cleverley for the last time lent a pleasing melancholy to Miss Rowan's preparations for the afternoon. As a concession to Cleverley she determined to wear the rather barbaric necklace of topazes and Cripple Creek gold which had been his last birthday offering to her, and she therefore sought it in the little jewel box, which had not been taken from its place of concealment in the bottom of her trunk since her arrival in New York.

Her surprise when she discovered after a search that was at first perfunctory, then earnest and finally frantic, that it and, indeed, all her jewels were gone was a splendid testimonial to her belief in her adopted city.

But fact, relentless, immutable, must ever triumph over illusion, and in fifteen minutes Miss Rowan had realized that all the pretty little trinkets she had collected since infancy had indeed been stolen. In the face of such unforeseen disaster she stood alone, inexperienced, in a strange city. And for a young woman in the full enjoyment of an independent career her first thought was a singularly impracticable one—she must tell John Cleverley all about it, and he would get them back!

But first she would summon the landlady, the stout person inhabiting unpenetrated depths below, who called so regularly to collect the rent, and declare her loss. There was a theory that this mysterious person might be reached by bell and speaking tube. But ten minutes of frenzied blowing and ringing sent Miss Rowan plunging down the five flights to the basement for more tangible consolation than the mocking silence which answered her efforts.

Now, Miss Rowan's landlady—whose landlady does not?—played the races, and she generally lost. When Miss Rowan confronted her with the tale of her stolen jewelry she had lost very heavily on the first race.

As a result in the next five minutes Miss Rowan learned what she had never doubted, that Mrs. O'Brien kept a "respectable house," that her colored maid, engaged the day before without references, was the "most honest and God fearing woman she had ever known" and a "perfect lady," that no jewels had been stolen, that investigation would doubtless show that if they had really disappeared Miss Rowan herself had "pawned" them and that if she dared cast such an aspersion upon an honest [illegible] trying to make a re-spectable living all the reporters in New York would be called in and she would rue the day that she and her worthless truck ever came out of Colorado.

Under this onslaught, which she was not experienced enough to trace to its bibulous origin, poor little Miss Rowan blanched, wilted and finally rushed from the house. And it was only after she had walked several bewildered blocks that she awoke to the realization of her appointment with John Cleverley at 3 o'clock. A glance at her watch told her that it was already ten minutes after the hour, and she hastened her steps, more with the idea of at once unburdening herself of her troubles than with an attempt at punctuality. As she turned up Sixth avenue she was surprised to notice a dense crowd gathered at the terminus of the elevated structure. But, following their uplifted gaze, her pulses halted tensely at the sight that met her eyes. Slanted toboggan fashion from the terminus of the Fifty-eighth street track the wreck of what had been the rear car of the shuttle train topped perilously in midair, prevented from plunging into the thoroughfare below by the weight of the other cars that still held it to the track.

The wreck of the large frame bumper at the end of the line lay strewn along the trolley tracks below, and under the suspended peril 500 yelling, excited people surged and clamored. For one moment Miss Rowan did not grasp the significance of the scene.

But the next, the hour, the possible significance of the event to her smote her with sudden alarm. What if John Cleverley had been on board that train? No thought of any other victim of the wreck marred the pure selfishness of the sudden fierce awakening of love in her heart. With blanched face and wide, excited eyes she rushed into the crowd.

"What is the matter? When did it happen?" she gasped at the first curious onlooker that barred her progress.

"Train jumped the track. Shot past the station. Broke over the bumper. Fifty people injured. Roosevelt hospital," he explained, with terse importance.

"What time?"

"Oh, around five minutes to 3 o'clock."

And thus was the last doubt in the young woman's excited mind dispelled. The image of Cleverley injured, bleeding—dead, perhaps—rose suddenly and was as suddenly blurred by the quick blinding rush of tears. Scarcely knowing what she did, she jumped into a hansom and gave a brief direction to Roosevelt hospital.

Then, leaning back against the cushions, wholly oblivious of the frankly staring pedestrians on the avenue, all the newly awakened emotions of her nature found their outlet in passionate sobbing. What happened in the next hour, thronged with visits to hospitals and police stations, with frantic telephone calls to Cleverley's hotel and to his address in a downtown office, Miss Rowan does not remember to this day, for at the end of the search, when she thought that only the morgue lay unexplored and she plunged despairing up the five long flights that led to her studio, it was all blotted out by one luminous incident—the opening of the studio door by Cleverley himself.

Even Cleverley admits that what she said then doesn't matter. It is doubtful if she knows, but he had never explained anything to Madge Rowan, with her two arms about his neck and her cheek warm and wet against his own, before, and his remembrance is naturally blurred.

"Why, of course I was on that train," he explained, "but I got off at Fifty-eighth street station with all the other passengers. It was only in switching for the downtown trip that the rear car backed against the bumper and the rotten wood gave way and toppled the car over. Some of the train hands were hurt, but—why, you dear little girl, you poor little girl—don't!" For Madge was sobbing passionate relief upon his shoulder.

Then quietly, when he had calmed her, she told him the story of the afternoon, beginning with the lost necklace and ending with her wild ride in search of him, and at the end she said shyly, humbly:

"You didn't know I was such a little fool, did you?"

And Cleverley, bending over her, kissed the warm tears from her drooping lashes.

"I always hoped you were," he murmured.

Olden Time Couriers.

Carrying messages in olden times called for much ingenuity. "Nothing in the world," wrote Herodotus, "is borne so swiftly as messages by the Persian couriers." They had over a hundred stations, each a day's journey from the other, and a regular service of riders carried messages to and fro at the rate of from sixty to a hundred miles a day. They had their "through couriers," too, for in the case of a specially confidential message the text was tattooed upon the shaven head of a man, whose hair was allowed to grow before he began his journey, so that his letter might be concealed until he reached his goal, where, of course, he would be reshaved.

Demean.

Says a writer in the London Chronicle: "A vulgarism—one which, like 'aggravate' for 'irritate,' has come into use by way of the kitchen stairs—is 'demean,' with a sense of derogation or abasement. It is to be seen in many a paper and even many a book and heard in many a speech. It is the second syllable that has misled the popular understanding, but the noun 'demeanor' should have saved the educated from their blunder with the verb. When the cook refuses to 'demean herself' she is excusable, because 'demeanor' is not in her vocabulary."

The Feast of Nature.

"The Feast of Nature" was a grand French revolutionary holiday, held Aug. 10, 1793. A plaster image of nature was erected in the Place de la Bastille, and the chief members of the convention, the public committees and all public functionaries knelt in adoration, after which came the firing of salutes, dancing and general public rejoicings. The holiday celebrated the [illegible] constitution [illegible].

Getting Real Lemon Oil.

A dealer in spices in New York held up a small bottle filled with a pale amber liquid. "Smell it," he said, drawing the cork. The visitor inhaled an odor which seemed to call up visions of orange and citron groves of ancient Greek fame.

"It's the genuine oil of lemons," said the dealer in response to a look of inquiry. "That is all I have left of a pound of the oil, and it took 1,200 lemons to produce it. Rather expensive stuff, almost equal to that of attar of roses. The method of obtaining the oil is tedious. A man has a big, dry, clean sponge before him on a table. He takes strips of the lemon peel, gives them a certain twist which breaks the cells and sends the oil out in a fine spray on the sponge. He has to work quickly to avoid evaporation.

"When the sponge has taken up the sprays of about a hundred rinds it is wet enough to be squeezed out. An ounce or so of clear and fragrant oil then flows from it."

Irving's First Success.

In 1874 Henry Irving achieved an immense success by his performance of "Hamlet" at the London Lyceum theater. His interpretation of the part was so striking and unusual that the play had a run unprecedented at that time, continuing for 200 nights. Of his experience in playing this part Sir Henry gave, some years before his death, an interesting account.

"I can always tell," he said, "when the audience is with me. It was not with me on the first night of 'Hamlet,' which is perhaps curious, considering my subsequent success. On the first night I felt that the audience did not go with me until the first meeting with Ophelia, when they changed toward me entirely. But as night succeeded night my Hamlet grew in their estimation. I could feel it all the time, and now I know that they like it—that they are with me heart and soul."—Harper's.

How an Orang Outang Travels.

It is a most interesting sight to watch an orang outang make its way through the jungle. It walks slowly along the larger branches in a semi-erect attitude, this being apparently caused by the length of its arms and the shortness of its legs. It invariably selects those branches which intermingle with those of a neighboring tree, on approaching which it stretches out its long arm and, grasping the boughs opposite, seems first to shake them as if to test their strength and then deliberately swings itself across to the next branch, which it walks along, as before. It does not jump or spring, as monkeys usually do, and never appears to hurry itself unless some real danger presents. Yet, in spite of its apparently slow movements, it gets along far quicker than a person running through the forest beneath.—Popular Magazine.

Sickened of the Scalpel.

An extraordinary event led Lassone, physician to Louis XVI. of France, to abandon his anatomical studies. While selecting from among some dead bodies a suitable subject for dissection he imagined that one of them showed doubtful signs of death and sought to revive a life which was perhaps not extinguished. His efforts were crowned with success. He cured the man, and as he was poor nourished and supported him, but the idea of having been on the point of committing a crime so affected Lassone that he felt himself unable to pursue his accustomed labors, and from that time forward the study of natural history and chemistry took the place of that of anatomy.

Feast of Kisses.

Halmagen, in Roumania, possesses a public festival which is probably unique in the world. It is a little town of about 1,200 inhabitants, and on the morning of its annual fair day the population from about eighty villages come trooping in in swarms. To them go out all the young women, married or single, of Halmagen, each bearing a small flower garland and vessel of wine, and all attended by their godmothers. This last precaution is taken from motives of deference for Mrs. Grundy. As the visitors approach, the young women offer to each a taste of wine and—a kiss.

Truthful.

Excited Fisherman (to country hotel keeper)—There isn't a bit of fishing about here. Every brook has a sign warning people off. What do you mean by luring anglers here with the promise of fine fishing? Hotel Keeper—I didn't say anything about fine fishing. If you read my advertisement carefully you will see that what I said was, 'Fishing unapproachable.'"

His Regular Business.

"Isn't it taking your son a long time to get through college? It seems to me this must be his sixth or seventh year."

"It is, but going to college has become his regular business. Why, the team wouldn't stand any show without him."—Chicago Record-Herald.

[illegible]

"What do you regard as the best protection from burglars?"

"Well, I have found that being independently poor is effective."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Changing Fashions.

Father (meditating on time's changes)—Ah, yes, the fashion of this world passeth away! Daughter—Indeed it does, papa. I shall want a new hat next week.

The Life Line.

Amateur Palmist—The life line indicates how long you will live. Skeptical Friend—Yes? Isn't it a wonder the life insurance companies pay no attention to it?

— It is the man who fears to soil his hands who will worry least about his heart.

Love Tokens.

The ancient English custom of giving love tokens on the 20th of August died out many years ago. The custom was for "enamoured maydes and gentle-women" to give to their favorite swains as tokens of love little handkerchiefs three or four inches square, with a button or tassel at each corner and a small one in the center. The finest of these favors was edged with narrow gold lace or twist and then folded up in four cross folds so that the middle might be seen. They were worn by the fortunate swains in their hats or on the breast. The favors were generally the handiwork of the "faire mayde" herself, and well she liked to work the most beautiful figures she could for her favorite suitor, but they became so much in vogue in Queen Elizabeth's time that they were sold ready made in the shops. This, of course, destroyed the romance of the custom, and hence its death.

Trapping the Parson.

As William Morris was an Englishman, it may not seem remarkable to Americans that he did not always get his jokes right end first. In a biography of her husband Mrs. Edward Burne-Jones tells of the ease with which he reversed them.

They had all been asking conundrums.

"Who killed his brother Cain?" asked Burne-Jones.

Morris fell into the trap at once. "Abel!" he shouted.

Later in the day he came in laughing.

"I trapped the parson, by Jove!" he exclaimed. "I asked him, 'Who killed his brother Abel?'

"'Cain,' he said at once.

"'Ha!' I said. 'I knew you'd say that. Every one does.' I came away and left him puzzled enough, and I doubt if he's found out yet what the matter was."

Sharks Delicate In Captivity.

Sharks are rather delicate in captivity, and it is difficulty to keep them in aquariums. Whatever care may be bestowed upon them they do not seem to be able to stand confinement, however large the tank or pool may be. In captivity sharks swim round and round the tank, nine times out of ten taking one course and never reversing. A shark has been known to keep its course for three or four months without change and, except for food, never halting, so far as it was observed. It would keep going all day long and would be found going in the morning just the same. If food was placed in its way, it would stop for several minutes and eat, remaining headed the same way. Presently it would start on again in the same direction on its rounds, moving slowly unless disturbed.

Necessities of a Happy Life.

There are two fundamental necessities for a happy life—namely, a useful occupation for mind and body and an outlet for unselfish affection. The first requisite for enduring happiness is in having work to do in which one believes. Such work always aims at the accomplishment of something useful. While this work must be done with fair efficiency, it should not be accompanied with too much drudgery or exhaustion.

The simpler the plan on which one's living is modeled the less will be the complications and disturbances caused by an overelaborate scale of existence and the more time will be left for the real duties and pleasures of life.—From "Vital Questions," by Dr. Henry D. Chapin.

Korean Children.

The children of Korea are extremely quaint and pretty, especially when only a few years old. At New Year's they are generally dressed up in brand new frocks, and though, according to our ideas of taste, we should not give yellow sleeves to a bright red jacket and wear this over a green frock, I must say that somehow or other it looks all right there and relieves the monotony of the sempiternal white garments. The faces of the children are whitened with chalk, and the hair is oiled and parted in the middle, plastered down and tied into one or two small pigtails.—Cornhill.

Look Up When Speaking.

"I don't talk half as much as you do," said the preacher to the lawyer, "yet your voice holds out twice as long as mine. Why is it?"

The lawyer said he couldn't tell.

"The difference in the position of your head when you are talking explains it," said the elocutionist. "A preacher looks down upon his congregation, a lawyer looks up to the judge. That drooping of the head cramps the vocal cords and makes the preacher's voice more difficult to preserve than that of any other professional man."

Your Disadvantages.

Look your disadvantages squarely in the face and see what you can make out of them, and instead of complaining that you have not the right tools use well the tools you have. Go forward into a new battle and on to victory as though there never had been a failure in all your life.—Woman's Life.

Attempted Insight.

Jones—What's the difference between stinginess and economy? Brown—Stinginess is habitual economy; economy is spasmodic stinginess.—Tom Watson's Magazine.

What Was Lacking.

"I've lost all faith in my watch. It won't keep time any more."

"Then it's not faith you want, but works."—Cleveland Leader.

Coins are said to have been invented by the Lydians and were first used in 700 B. C.

— Maddened by jealousy because the affections of his young masters had been usurped by a pony, an English bull dog attacked the horse in the stable of Attorney F. C. Parkins, of Pittsburg, Pa., and in the battle which followed the pony was so badly injured it will probably have to be shot. For some time the bull dog had been a special pet of Mr. Parkins' children. Mr. Perkins a few days ago secured a beautiful pony for he children, and they at once forsook he dog, transferring their affections to he pony.

DIETARY STANDARDS.

What Observation Indicates to Be the Average Man's Daily Food Need.

Accepting the daily dietary standards which are based upon observations as to what people are accustomed to consume, it is plain that the average man doing from light to moderate muscular work must take each day approximately 116 grams of proteid matter (18 grams of nitrogen), with sufficient fat and carbohydrate to yield a total fuel value of 3,050 large calories. The usual proportion of carbohydrate (mostly starchy food) is about 500 grams to 50-60 grams of fat. In other words, the average man needs, according to the above hypothesis, approximately 120 grams of proteid, 500 grams of carbohydrate and 60 grams of fat for his daily ration. In order to obtain these amounts of nutrients he would require per day three-fourths of a pound of ordinary roast beef, one pound of boiled potato, one-half pound of white bread and one-fourth of a pound of butter. Naturally much greater variety of food might be adopted with the same nutritive values as the above, but these figures will suffice to give some impression of the quantities of ordinary cooked foodstuffs required to yield the nitrogen and the total fuel value called for by the above standard dietary.

A more elaborate diet, one in large measure free from meat and having essentially the same content of nitrogen and with a total fuel value of approximately 3,000 calories, would be as follows: Fried hominy, six ounces; sirup, three ounces; baked potato, eight ounces; butter, one and one-half ounces; baked spaghetti, ten ounces; mashed potato, ten ounces; boiled turnip, six ounces; bread, two ounces; apple sauce, eight ounces; apple tapioca pudding, twelve ounces; fried sweet potato, eight ounces; fried bacon, one ounce; fruit jam, four ounces; coffee, one and one-half pints, and tea, three-fourths of a pint. Such a diet, owing to its vegetable nature and lack of concentration, is naturally quite voluminous. A greater concentration of diet is easily obtained by replacement of a portion of the vegetable matter by meat, and this the ordinary man, with his highly developed palate, usually prefers to do because of the increased flavor which his acquired taste now calls for. Further, the resources at the command of the civilized man render possible great variety in matters of diet, but whatever the character of the daily food or however great the number and variety of the ingredients it will be found that the nitrogen content and fuel value of the daily food of mankind will in general correspond in large measure to the dietary standards usually adopted throughout the civilized world.—Russell H. Chittenden in Century.

A Collection of Idiots.

"I want to ask for the hand of your daughter in marriage," said the young man.

"You're an idiot," said the irate father.

"I know it. But I didn't suppose you'd object to another one in the family!"—Yonkers Statesman.

Both Annoying.

"Two things make my wife awful mad."

"What are they?"

"To get ready for company that don't come and to have company come when she isn't ready."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Assessment Notice.

Auditor's Office, Anderson, S. C.

This office will be open to receive returns of Real and Personal property for taxation for the next fiscal year from the first day of January, 1906 to the 20th day of February following, inclusive.

The Real Estate, Lots and Buildings are to be assessed this year. Taxpayers will be careful to list exactly the number of acres, number of lots and number of buildings on their returns, as the assessment made now will stand for the next four years.

The Township Assessors are required by law to list for all those that fail to make their own returns within the time prescribed. Hence the difficulty of delinquents escaping the 50 per cent. penalty, as well as the frequency of errors resulting from this practice. By all means make your OWN returns and thereby save expense and trouble.

Ex-Confederate Soldiers over 50 years of age are exempt from Poll Tax. All other males between the ages of 21 and 60 years, except those incapable of earning a support from being maimed or from any other cause, shall be deemed taxpayable polls.

For the convenience of taxpayers, I will also have Deputies to take tax returns at the following times and places:

Holland, Wednesday, January 10th.
Moffettsville, Thursday, January 11th.
Iva, Friday, January, 12th
Moseley's Store, Saturday, January 13th.
A. E. Scuddy's Store, Monday, January 15th
Starr, Tuesday, January 16th.
Storeville, Wednesday, January 17th.
Clinkscales' Mill, Thursday, January 18th.
Guyton, Tuesday, January 16th.
Bishop's Branch, Saturday, January 20th.
Five Forks, Monday, January 22nd.
Autun, Tuesday, January 23rd.
Wyatt's Store, Thursday, January 18th.
Cedar Wreath, Saturday, January 20th—a. m.
James' Store, Saturday, January 20th—p. m
Wiggans' Store, Friday, January 19th.
Equality, Wednesday, January 17th.
Pendleton, Friday and Saturday, January 19th and 20th.
Townville, Friday, January 26th.
Tugaloo, Saturday, January 27th.
Honea Path, Monday and Tuesday, January 15th and 16th up to February 20th
Belton, Wednesday and Thursday, January 17th and 18th.
Piedmont, Monday and Tuesday, January 15th and 16th.
Pelzer, Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, January 15th, 16th and 17th up to February 20th.
Williamston, Wednesday and Thursday, January 17th and 18th.

G. N. C. BOLEMAN, Auditor.

Nov 29, 1905 24

Notice to Creditors.

ALL persons having demands against the Estate of McD. M. Cater, deceased, are hereby notified to present them, properly proven, to the undersigned, within the time prescribed by law, and those indebted to make payment.

MRS IRENE CATER, Executrix.

Nov 22, 1905 24 3

TAX NOTICE.

THE Books for the collection of State, School and County Taxes will be opened from October 15th, 1905, to December 31st, 1905, inclusive, and from January 1st, 1906, to March 1st, 1906, I will collect with the penalty—for January 1 per cent, February 2 per cent, and from March 1st to the 15th with 7 per cent penalty. After the 15th of March Executions will be issued.

The rate of Tax Levy is as follows:

State Taxes	5½	Mills
School	3	"
Ordinary County	4	"
Public Roads	1	"
Total	13½	"

An additional levy 4 mills School District No. 50.
Additional levy 4 mills School District No. 43.
Additional levy 4½ mills School District No. 34.
Additional levy 5 mills School District No. 20.
Additional levy 2 mills School District No. 24.
Additional levy 4 mills School District No. 28.
Additional levy 3 mills School District No. 53.
Additional levy 4 mills School District No. 52.

Making 17½ mills for Walker-McElmoyle School District No. 40.

Making 17½ mills for Good Hope School District No. 48

Making 18 mills for Gantt School District No. 34.

Making 18½ mills for College School District No. 20

Making 16½ mills for Hunter School District No. 24.

Making 17½ mills for Bishops Branch School District No. 28.

Making 18½ mills for Zion School District No. 53.

Making 17½ mills for McLees School District No. 52.

The State Constitution requires all males between the ages of 21 and 60 years, except those incapable of earning a support from being maimed or other causes, and those who served in the war between the States, to pay a Poll Tax of One Dollar. All persons between the ages of eighteen and fifty years of age who are able to work the public roads, or cause them to be worked, except preachers who have charge of a congregation and persons who served in the war between the States, School Teachers and Trustees are exempted from road duty, and in lieu of work may pay a tax of One Dollar, to be collected at the same time other taxes are collected. I will collect taxes at Slabtown, Mt. Airy, Piedmont, Pelzer, Belton Mills and at Honea Path, but will give notice later the time I will visit these places.

J. M. PAYNE, County Treasurer.

Notice to Creditors.

ALL persons having demands against the Estate of Anthony Webb, deceased, are hereby notified to present them, properly proven, to the undersigned, within the time prescribed by law, and those indebted to make payment.

NOEL B. SHARPE, Administrator.

Dec. 6, 1905 25 3*

Notice to Creditors.

ALL persons having demands or claims against the Estate of S. L. Wharton, deceased, are hereby notified to present them, properly proven, to the undersigned within the time prescribed by law, and those indebted are notified to make payment to the undersigned.

MRS. M. C. WHARTON, Administratrix.

Nov 22, 1905 23 3

Notice to Creditors.

All persons having demands against the Estate of Charlotte A. Reeves, deceased, are hereby notified to present them, properly proven, to the undersigned, within the time prescribed by law, and those indebted to make payment.

W. A. G. JAMESON, Administrator.

Nov 22, 1905 23 3*

Blue Ridge Railroad.

Effective Nov. 29, 1903.

WESTBOUND.

No. 11 (daily)—Leave Belton 3.50 p. m; Anderson 4.15 p. m.; Pendleton 4.47 p. m.; Cherry 4 54 p. m.; Seneca 5.31 p. m; arrive Walhalla 5.55 p. m.

No. 9 (daily except Sunday)—Leave Belton 10.45 a. m.; Anderson 11.07 a. m.; Pendleton 11.32 a m.; Cherry 11.39 a. m. arrive at Seneca 11.57 a. m.

No. 5 (Sunday only)—Leave Belton 11.45 a. m.; Anderson 11.07 a. m.; Pendleton 11.32 a. m.; Cherry 11.39 a. m.; Seneca 1.05 p. m.; arrive Walhalla 1.2, p. m.

No. 7 (daily except Sunday)—Leave Anderson 10.30 a. m.; Pendleton 10.59 a. m.; Cherry 11.09 a. m.; Seneca 1.05 p. m.; arrive Walhalla 1.40 p m.

No. 3 (daily)—Leave Belton 9.15 p. m., arrive Anderson 9.42 p. m.

No. 23 (daily except Sunday)—Leave Belton 9.00 a. m.; arrive Anderson 9.30 a. m.

EASBOUND.

No. 12 (daily)—Leave Walhalla 8.35 a. m.; Seneca 8.58 a. m.; Cherry 9.17 a. m.; Pendleton 9.25 a. m.; Anderson 10.00 a. m.; arrive Belton 10.25 a. m.

No. 15 (daily except Sunday)—Leave Seneca 2.00 p. m.; Cherry 2.19 p. m.; Pendleton 2 26 p. m.; Anderson 3 10 p. m.; arrive Belton 3.35 p. m.

No. 6 (Sunday only)—Leave Anderson 3.10 p. m.; arrive Belton 3 35 p. m.

No 8 (daily)—Leave Walhalla 3.10 p. m.; Seneca 5.31 p. m.; Cherry 5.59 p. m.; Pendleton 6.12 p. m.; Anderson 7.30 p. m.; arrive Belton 7 58 p. m.

No. 24 (daily except Sunday)—Leave Anderson 7.50 a. m.; arrive Belton 8.20 a. m.

H. C. BEATTIE, Pres., Greenville, S. C

J. R. ANDERSON, Supt. Anderson, S. C.

C. & W. Carolina Railway.

Schedule in effect Jan. 23, 1905.

Lv Anderson	7.00 a m	2.16 p m
" Calhoun Falls	8.29 a m	4.10 p m
Ar McCormick	9.29 a m	6.05 p m
Ar Augusta	11.15 a m	
Lv Augusta	2 35 p m	c 7.00 am
"	4.30 p m	8.55 a m
" Yemassee	5.40 p m	10.05 a m
" Charleston	7.40 p m	11.55 p m
" Savannah b (cen t)	6.45 p m	c11.15 am
" Beaufort b	6.30 p m	c11.05 am
" Port Royal	6.40 p m	11.10 a m
Lv Port Royal b	7.25 a m	c9.00 p m
" Beaufort	7.40 a m	9.10 p m
" Savannah b (cen t)	5.40 a m	c7.15 p m
" Charleston b	7.10 a m	c8.20 p m
" Yemassee	9.15 a m	10.20 p m
" Allendale	10.25 a m	11.31 p m
Ar Augusta	12.20 p m	1.30 a m
Lv Augusta	2.55 p m	
Lv McCormick	4.40 p m	6.00 a m
Ar Calhoun Falls	5.45 p m	7.37 a m
" Anderson	7.10 p m	10.00 a m
Lv Anderson		7.00 a m
Ar Greenwood		12.39 p m
" Waterloo (Harris Springs)		1.17 p m
" Laurens		1.45 p m
" Greenville		3.25 p m
" Spartanburg		3.30 p m
" Glenn Springs b		5.25 p m
Lv Glenn Springs (G. & R.R.)		9.00 a m
Lv Spartanburg (C. & W. C.)		12.01 p m
Lv Greenville		12.15 p m
Lv Laurens		1 50 p m
Lv Waterloo		2.20 p m
Lv Greenwood		2.46 p m
Ar Anderson		7.10 p m

(b) daily except Sunday; c, Sunday only).

Through train service between Augusta and Charleston.

For information relative to rates, etc., apply to W. B. Steele, U. T. A., Anderson, S. C., Geo. T. Bryan, G. A., Greenville, S. C., Ernest Williams, Gen. Pass. Agt., Augusta, Ga., T. M. Emerson, Traffic Manager.